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ART—A NATIONAL ASSET BY HANNA TACHAU

THE aftermath of war has helped to emphasize a long recognized need for art production and art stimulation in this country. No longer is it merely a far cry for keener æsthetic appreciation or a plea for the finer artistic conceptions, but we have now come to realize that much of the nation's progress will depend upon the development of the industrial arts for commercial purposes, which is but the utilization of æsthetic ideas expressed in the most practical form.

The American purchaser in the past went, as a matter of course, to Europe and the Far East in search of original designs and for hand-made stuffs, laces, carvings, embroideries—indeed, all those delightful things bearing the individual and distinctive stamp of the artist, while here in America no concerted attempt was made to create other than machine-made products. We, as a nation, had not yet attained the discriminating taste that demands the patient fruits of artistic endeavour. We had been all these years too immersed in the gigantic task of conquering, and then building up a huge continent that required all the splendid resourcefulness and energy of its people. But now that all this concentrated effort has terminated in an amazing accumulation of material success, we must occupy ourselves ever increasingly with the question of national development. One of our great opportunities lies in fostering the art life of the country and in awakening a love and understanding of the beautiful. The commer-

cial supremacy of the United States has largely been due to the disposal of a huge bulk of raw materials. While our natural resources are vast, they are not limitless, and if we would make the best of the advantages and opportunities afforded by our great productiveness, we must, through industrial art training, raise our commerce from a quantity to a quality basis.

Skill that is able to fashion a finished product adds a high per cent. to the value of the raw substance, for a trained artisan or craftsman needing but a few dollars' worth of supplies, is able to create objects worth hundreds of times the value of the material in the raw. And so we must seek within our own gates, crowded with so vast a mixture of races, for those craftsmen who are to furnish our own artistic development. Every kind of talent can be found here which is only awaiting the golden opportunity to reveal itself.

The Art Alliance of America in one of its recent exhibitions displayed the handicraft of many foreigners who are now making their home in America. No field was left untouched and much interest was aroused by revealing the particular characteristics embodied in the work of many different nationalities. The exhibition was arranged to emphasize nationality but without any thought to sequence or geographical significance. One merely felt that the bond that held them together was a certain sympathy of expression, a fearless portrayal of colour that seemed especially suited to fit their own particular designs. From the subtle, persuasive notes of China and Japan, one was carried to the dominating colour and naïve patterns of Czecho-

Art--A National Asset

Slovakia. The rather barbaric splendour of Russian gold embroideries, hammered brasses and decorated woods had their place beside the tasteful, finely woven tapestries and needle-point of France.

Italy, India and Armenia betrayed their partiality for dainty laces, carved woods and beautifully worked linens, and not far away, one was charmed by the restrained, intricate patterns of Persian textiles and pottery.

All this interesting array was produced by craftsmen of real ability who typify the forces and ideals of which their art is the visible expression. They came here with hope and ardour all aflame, only to find themselves forced to seek their livelihood in uncongenial channels far removed from those fields which were to bring them inspiration and success. They could find no market for their wares and did not know how to convert their knowledge into a commercial value. Among them are men and women of middle age; others are long past the years when they can compete with the active struggle of a younger generation, but they are only too willing and anxious to pursue the beautiful craft for which they were trained in their own land.

Here then lies a great opportunity to receive and encourage the home art industries throughout the country, and a splendid chance for our own development. The skill of these workmen acquired abroad would inevitably be affected by a new environment and would soon assume an air distinctly American, without losing its own beauty and originality in the transition. Indirectly, it would also be a great force in the Americanization of the foreign population, a piece of reconstruction work worthy of support, for in giving to us that which it would perhaps take years to get unaided, they, in turn, would all unconsciously receive much from us, and so the benefit derived from the exchange of ideas would be mutual.

But this foreign element is but a relatively small number that is needed to help towards shaping our art standards and towards building up our industries. We must provide the means for educating our own American-born craftsmen who are the hope of the future. The talent for invention is undoubtedly here,

but it must be fostered and encouraged so that there will be developed here in this country a creative type of work that will become characteristically American.

The war brought a realization of our inadequacy to meet the question of supply in many different directions when production was curtailed abroad. We were not ready to meet the emergency. The prospect of keen trade rivalries in industrial design is certain and we must compete in developing new foreign markets. The ranks of European designers have been sadly depleted, and there is small prospect of any immigration, nor is it practical to introduce foreign designs in new markets.

We see clearly then that new ideas and original designs which have real artistic merit can only be developed by careful and thorough training and that there must be awakened in art students a sincere enthusiasm and love for the work itself. Not until something of the happy spirit of the Renaissance can be reclaimed, will there be a true art revival. In those days, the artist was willing to begin as an apprentice acquiring his craft step by step, gaining technical knowledge by learning to apply its principles. He became a workman—actually performing the work himself and thus gained definite skill which enabled him ultimately—if his talent was great enough—to reach the high goal of a creative artist.

On the other hand, the future must hold for those men and women who are to devote themselves to beautifying life and to enhancing the charm of the every-day things of utility—a definite prospect for steady employment, a good livelihood and an appreciative public who is capable of recognizing and demanding work of a high standard.

The recognition of the far-reaching influence of art, and the immediate need to provide adequate training may start with individuals, but they must fire public opinion until it becomes a civic problem, spreading to that of the state, and becoming in time a national movement. It is America's opportunity now, to open wide her doors to art and artists, so that all may enter, for art is no longer an exclusive property, but is the equal heritage of both the rich and the humble.

Hart House, University of Toronto



HART HOUSE

HART HOUSE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO. BY GUY C. EGLINGTON.

I had heard of Hart House. It was a gift of Mr. Vincent Massey of the Massey-Harris Company to the University of Toronto; a recreation building, combining athletics with study. I determined to see it. So when business matters, combined with some little pleasure, took me to Niagara I considered that the fates were auspicious and lengthened an already long week-end.

I expected great things. My friends in New York had called Hart House the most beautiful building in modern times. The British Chamber of Commerce, members of which I met at Niagara, had lunched there daily and were equally enthusiastic. I began to grow sceptical. If everyone praised it. . . .

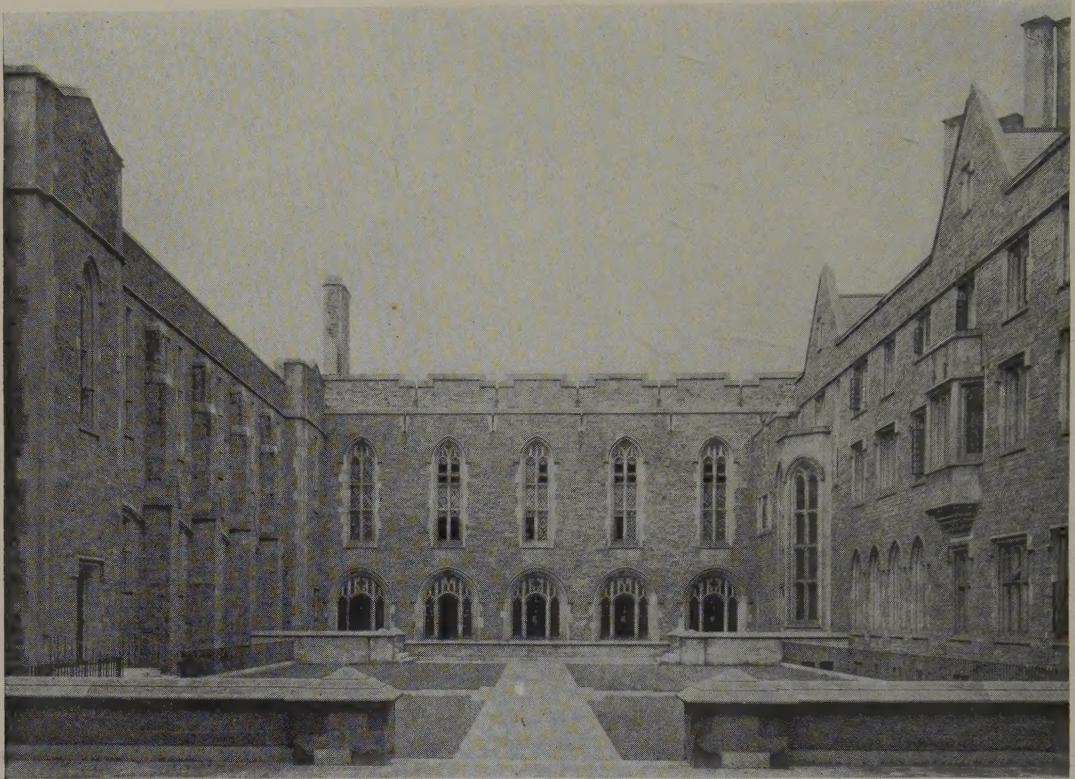
Toronto in itself is not beautiful. Bloor has an meagre appearance, but round the

University one forgets all that. There is an air of age and composure infinitely restful after the noise of New York. The streets turn corners. I passed several oldish buildings set in a park, and then—before me lay Hart House.

I was surprised. I had expected something much more obviously ornate, with towers, pinnacles and gargoyles, and here was this long plain building with four straight chimney-stacks and a snub-nose. Yet I was not disappointed. This had a dignity of its own, this was no mere harking back to past models. I liked the balance between the Sunday solemnity of the great Hall on the right and the week-day vigour of the main building. The little arcade which joins them pleased me with its scholastic air. I was prepared to enjoy myself.

When I go to Hart House again I shall not make the mistake of entering by the

Hart House, University of Toronto



QUADRANGLE

HART HOUSE

door at the left end of the picture, but shall go on right off the picture, past the Snub-nose and enter the West. Then I shall see right through into the quadrangle and get an immediate impression of the whole building.

I wish that the camera could give a tenth of the beauty of the quadrangle, but the camera is colour-blind. It gives merely the shell, our imagination must supply the rest. Imagine that dead picture come to life, the stones drinking the



WEST DOORWAY

sunlight, the windows tossing it to and fro and the shadows deepening it to purple. Then walk round and see the play of the lines, the touch of severity on the North wall that houses the athletes, the mediaeval grace of the East wall with its Gothic windows, and the friendly lines of the South wall, broken to reflect the spirit of the activities which it harbours. On this side of the building are the Y. M. C. A. rooms, and below them, behind the four gothic

Hart House, University of Toronto



LOWER GALLERY

windows on the ground floor, the tiny chapel.

Passing the Chapel windows the ideal tour takes us up the steps S. E. of the quadrangle through the door into a lobby. We then turn sharply left twice to find ourselves looking down the beautiful lower gallery. How long we stay there will depend on our taste. I am inclined to think that the best people stay there forever and are carried away on stretchers, protesting. Certainly, if there are such things as privileges in a democratic uni-



STONE STAIR

HART HOUSE

versity, to promenade in this gallery should be one reserved for the cultured few. There should be a stiff examination on appreciation of beauty, before the privilege is granted. But since we are of the cultured few and since we cannot stay forever, let us only take one long look at the beautiful stone stair and pass into the great hall on our right.

Over the page is the view which meets the eye. There is little to be said, it seems at first sight.



GREAT HALL

HART HOUSE

Hart House, University of Toronto

A Baronial Hall, with raftered roof, a dais for their Lordships and benches for the commoners (aristocratic benches in democratic Canada!) The first thing that attracts attention is the stone stairway in the right hand corner. It stands out. Beautiful as it is in itself, it seems hardly to harmonize with the comparative austerity of the Hall. I imagine the architect to have argued thus: "I need a stairway here. If I put it outside, it will spoil the perspective of the Lower Gallery, besides using valuable space in the Faculty Union Dining Room above. Let us therefore make a virtue of necessity." So there it stands, and it is very beautiful. But to me it is too elaborate for its setting. If boldness is the watchword, why not be bolder still? I have been picturing a plain wooden loft stair with platform at top. . . .

Still, time is a great magician. The white stone will yellow with age and sink back into the wall. Meanwhile there is a perfect essay in design.

With this one exception, the great Hall is a fine example of Temptation resisted. When I think of the severely practical problems which faced the architect, the knowledge that at every step he must restrain himself, so that the perfect balance between scholasticism and athleticism might be held. I can imagine the relief with which he started to work on this, his show-piece. I can imagine the temptations which beset him. Here he might let himself go. Then I look at his work and marvel at his restraint.

Passing up the spiral stairway we now come to the Faculty Union Dining Room which is directly above the Lower Gallery. Here cuts become scare. Short of devoting the whole number to Hart House I cannot hope to do more than give pictures of the most striking features in the building, choosing such as lend themselves to an imaginary reconstruction of the whole.

The Faculty Union Dining Room runs parallel with the great Hall. Its windows on the one side are those high Gothic windows that we noticed in the south wall of the quadrangle; on the other side it gives on to the great Hall (one of the windows is just visible in the illustration opposite).

With two such prospects the room could not help having charm. A single row of tables runs down the centre. The roof is rounded, but so cut away over the windows that it has the appearance of being vaulted. With the exception of the lighting, which is from pendants hung from the angle made in the ceiling by the window recesses, there is no vestige of decoration in the room. It is a fitting companion to the Lower Gallery.

From the Faculty Union Dining Room we pass into the Faculty Common Room and here the first recognizably modern note strikes us. The Faculty like upholstered chairs. The fireplace in this room is one of the most elaborate in the building, being of carved stone. It is one of the delights of the Hart House that no design is absolutely duplicated, though an idea runs through the whole. Every detail is a delight in itself and was designed with an eye to the particular needs of its situation. Thus no two fireplaces are exactly the same. In the Reading Room severity is the note, in the Billiard Room a certain heavy comfort, while that in the Music Room is wide and delicately constructed. The fireplace in the Faculty Common Room is perhaps the most successful of all, for it combines grace and lightness, while retaining a certain air of pleasant dignity appropriate, I hope, to its frequenters.

We are now directly above the small arcade which, as we noticed in the first picture, joins the Dignified Hall to the rest of the building, and pass now along the corridor to the Lecture Room which extends along the front of the building between the two main doors. An interesting comparison might be made between the Lecture Room and the Music Room, which occupies similar position on the West Hall above the door through which we entered on page LXXXIX. The two rooms have the same size and shape, almost the only difference being that the Lecture Room has one, the Music Room two bays. Yet in character they are quite dissimilar. The Lecture Room is formal and severe. A good room for studying the exact sciences, one would say. The Music Room on the other hand has an old-world charm.

Hart House, University of Toronto



LECTURE ROOM

HART HOUSE

One might call it a Mozart Room.

The architect has achieved this distinction by very simple means. A lower roof, a gentler curve in the line of his rafters, windows in group of three as against the twos and fours of the Lecture Room were all he needed.

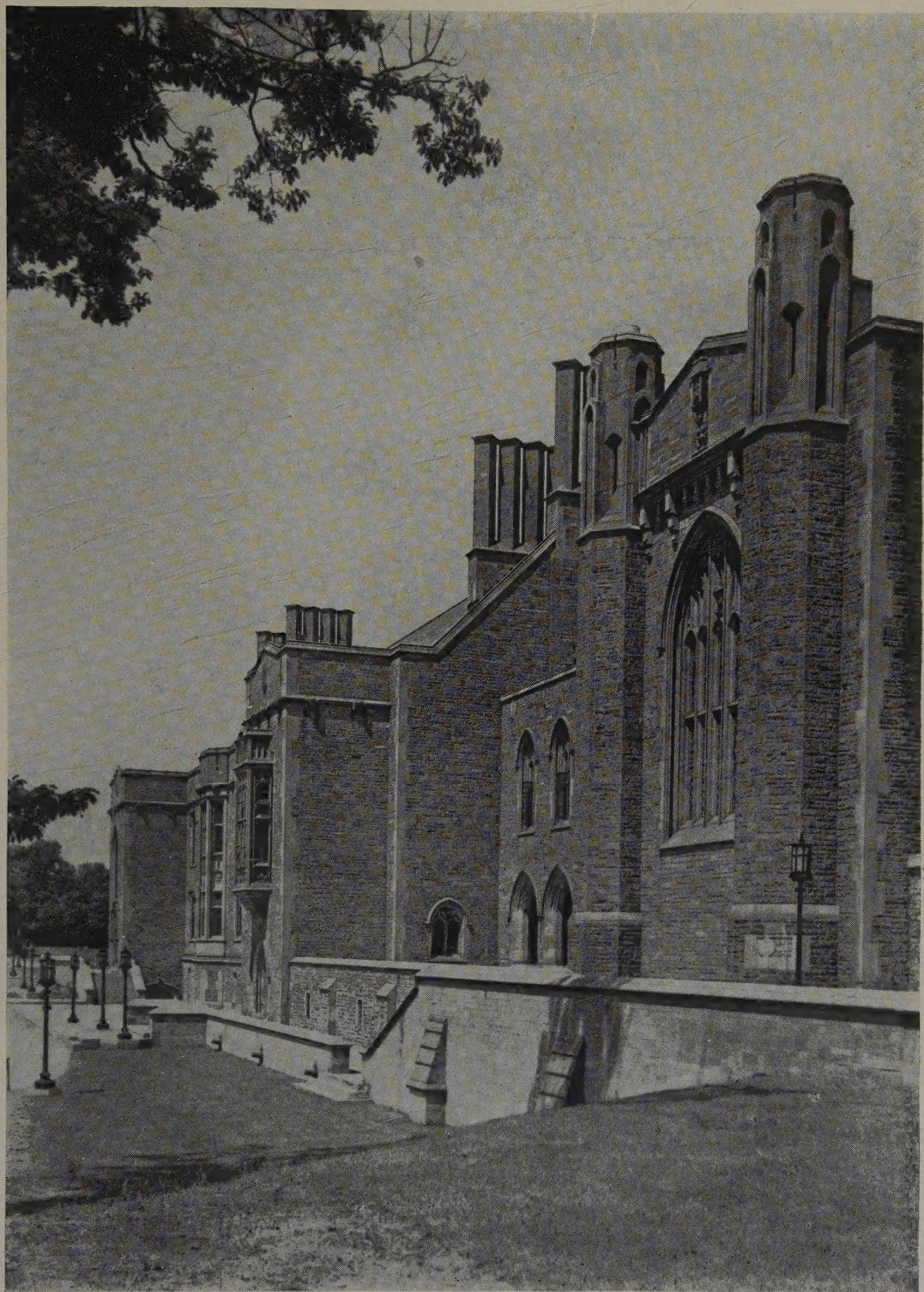
Returning to our point of vantage in the Quad. we have now to convince ourselves that we have seen only one half of Hart House, that behind that stern wall on the left lie gymnasium, boxing, fencing and wrestling rooms, that in the corner, a few yards only from the great Hall, is a swimming pool. It seems incredible, yet as we pass into the long arched brick passage way we experience no shock. The transition is excellent. Here are no Gothic windows, no carved stone cornices and arching raftered roof, but brick and steel structure and a maze of hanging ropes, rings and trapezes. Above and around goes a running track.

To enter the swimming pool is again to change worlds. Here a cloistral design is employed, the rounded white plaster roof

being supported by white pillars beyond which runs on three sides a gallery. It is a pity that Hart House is reserved for men. Such a pool should mirror beauty.

The theatre, which lies beneath the Quad., I am reserving for a further article, which Mr. Roy Mitchell, the director, will write. Our last impression shall be of the chapel, the most delicate pearl of the building. Wonderfully simple in design, almost the only piece of decoration is the carved oak screen under which we pass as we enter. The roof is rounded, the curve being broken by the window recesses. Back of the altar is plain oak panelling. No candles burn on the altar. As the secretary told me, all religions are represented in a great university, and since they cannot be combined, one must grasp at essentials. The Chapel is a shrine to an intimate God.

And so we leave Hart House, the perfect product of the modern Gothic mind. For Gothic is not a mode but a spirit, the spirit of balance. Toronto has every reason to be proud of its architect.



SOUTH WALL

HART HOUSE



HOSPITAL AT ARLES

WATER-COLOUR

Vincent Van Gogh



OLD SHOES

VINCENT VAN GOGH. BY WALTER PACH.

By degrees, America is coming to know the great men of the modern period. At the International Exhibition of 1913 all of them were represented and, whether the public liked them or not, it at least found out that things had been happening in Europe of which it had been left in ignorance. Since then numerous group exhibitions have been held, beside such important one-man showings as those of Matisse in 1915, Cézanne in 1916 and 1917, Redon, Derain and Picasso at various times and Gauguin in the small but choice collection of works we saw earlier this year. Now we have a collection of paintings, drawings, water-colours and lithographs by van Gogh, at the Montross Gallery; and so, aside from Seurat whose marvelous art is but little known here, we have rounded out fairly well the circle of great men who have been the initiators of the art of to-day. The pity is that we have

no gallery ready to build up a permanent collection of this work, which our public and artists need more than any other. It takes repeated viewings of so eptomized an art as van Gogh's to arrive at a judgment of its value and even when such a judgment has been reached—tentatively, for about men of his stature one can never say the final word—we shall all want a number of visits to the pictures for pure enjoyment, and to fix them in our memory.

Van Gogh is one whose art is so responsive to the inner and outer events of his career that if we trace the main currents of his mental life, we shall have gone far toward accounting for his extraordinary production. In the last analysis, the value of his art is that which his personality gives to it. For despite the influence of his predecessors and his contemporaries, van Gogh was himself from the beginning to the end, and so it is for himself that we want to study him to-day.

The first characteristic to note in him is his power of concentration. Once his swift

Vincent Van Gogh

mind has fixed on an idea, he works at it with a passionate intensity until he has not only exhausted the knowledge which others can give him on the subject, but until he has completely defined his own thought about it. And though he engaged in many activities during his lifetime, it must not be imagined that the fierce intellectual experience he had of each one was forgotten or remained isolated in his mind. Thus, as a boy, he made eager researches in natural history. Twenty years later we find him painting studies—astoundingly close, despite their free technique—of plants, butterflies and birds. The early impressions had left their ineffaceable trace.

Van Gogh's symbol might well be the flame—consuming what it feeds on to give it back in terms of force and light. His letters, of which four volumes have been published, are themselves luminous, one of the great documents we possess on the mentality and the mission of the artist. And always they are van Gogh's letters—it is *his* idea of life and art that is there. Emile Bernard, to whom many of the letters are addressed and who did so much to make known the talent of his friend, chooses a line of Vincent's to represent the man in his approach to his writing and his painting. "Is it not rather the intensity of the thought than the calm of the touch that we seek?" Yes, truly; but what we shall come to see, as we follow out this art to its final expressions is that the intensity of the thought brings him not indeed to calm of touch, but to that equilibrium of the elements of his picture which we call mastery.

At the moments when his relations with external circumstances were most complicated by sufferings of body and mind, his thoughts on art were constantly clarifying and deepening. See the pictures painted at Auvers in the last months of his life. They show him in the most complete control of the science of colour which the Nineteenth Century had developed, and to which he had added. One thinks of the other great Dutchman of modern times, also an adoptive member of the French school, also a

pioneer, a forerunner in modern art. I quote from an article that appeared in *THE STUDIO* twelve years ago: "Jongkind was mad; Jongkind, in his art so deliberate, so precise, lost his reason the moment he quit-
ted his easel. 'But,' says M. de Fourcaud, who visited him frequently about this period, 'directly he began to speak about his art his lucidity returned intact.'" In van Gogh's case the madness—if it is indeed to be called that—was not a settled thing, but one of sudden accesses of nervous derangement in which he only followed out to an exaggerated extreme the pitiless logic of his mental struggle.

His powerful bent toward religion first shows itself in his boyhood, it claims him entirely for a time in his young manhood, and in the last years of his career we find him still studying and expounding passages in his Bible. Nothing seems stranger, nothing, however, is more natural, than those letters in which his touching and deep explanations of the words of Christ are followed by the rough slang of the Paris studios in which he discusses art theories and the Bohemian disorder in which he and his companions lived. He did not give up his religious vocation when he turned exclusively to painting. He only expressed his convictions, as one of his biographers has said, in a fuller and more apt medium. It is not simply the marvelous colour that makes a van Gogh still-life precious, it is the profound mind of a man alive to the religious idea of the world he finds in the great thinkers and artists of his time, and so he was as well prepared to express his idea when painting a flower, a book or a chair as when his subject was a man, a woman or a theme from the Bible. "Speaking of Christ at Gethsemane," he writes to Emile Bernard, "I am painting the olive-trees myself." The allusion shows his attitude of mind while at work. From his letters we also learn that the "Sower" of a number of his pictures is also a symbol for Christ. "He had always drawn and modelled," as we learn from an early Dutch admirer of his; he had seen much of pic-

Vincent Van Gogh



CORN SHEAVES

tures, had thought deeply about them. So he was ready for his real work when he reached his decision to produce pictures that should embody his idea of life. This was at the age of about twenty-six years. And here we may pause for a brief history of his career.

Vincent van Gogh was born in 1853, the son of a clergyman, at Groot Zundert in Brabant, Holland. After receiving a good education he entered the employ of a firm of art-dealers. His work took him to the Hague, to Brussels, Paris and London for various lengths of time, until in London he finally realized his incapacity for commercial pursuits. Various other occupations engaged him in the following years, until, in what Théodore Duret calls a "veritable crisis of mysticism", he entered upon theological studies (1877-78). He went as a lay-preacher to the Belgian Black Country, devoting himself as much to the physical as to the spiritual needs of the miners. A serious collapse of his health resulted from his self-forgetful exertions, and his father had to bring him back to Holland. There, from 1881 to 1885 he makes drawings and paintings which constitute the work of his Dutch period. For a time he studies with Anton Mauve, who had married his cousin; he spent a few months at the art academy

of Antwerp; in reality he was self-taught.

In March 1886, (we must begin to reckon his life by months from now on, and they show more effect than years in the lives of most men) he goes to Paris. His younger brother Theodore was there, having taken Vincent's former position in the picture business. As much of an idealist as the painter, Theodore was to be the support of his brother until the latter's death. It was only through severe self-denial that the young employee could save enough to supply the painter's needs. He did it gladly, through affection and through confidence in the quality of Vincent's work. The painter, on the other hand, had none of that kind of self-esteem which has let some artists accept every sacrifice as their due, and it was perhaps most of all the constant turning over in his mind of the burden he was to his brother that made him put an end to his life.

In 1886 Theodore's firm was handling the work of the Impressionists, then just beginning to find buyers, and so Vincent had the best opportunity to absorb the enormous lesson of Monet, Sisley and Pissarro. Probably the last named master taught him most of all, for the extremely fine division of the tones that Pissarro was practising just at this time brought him nearest to

Vincent Van Gogh

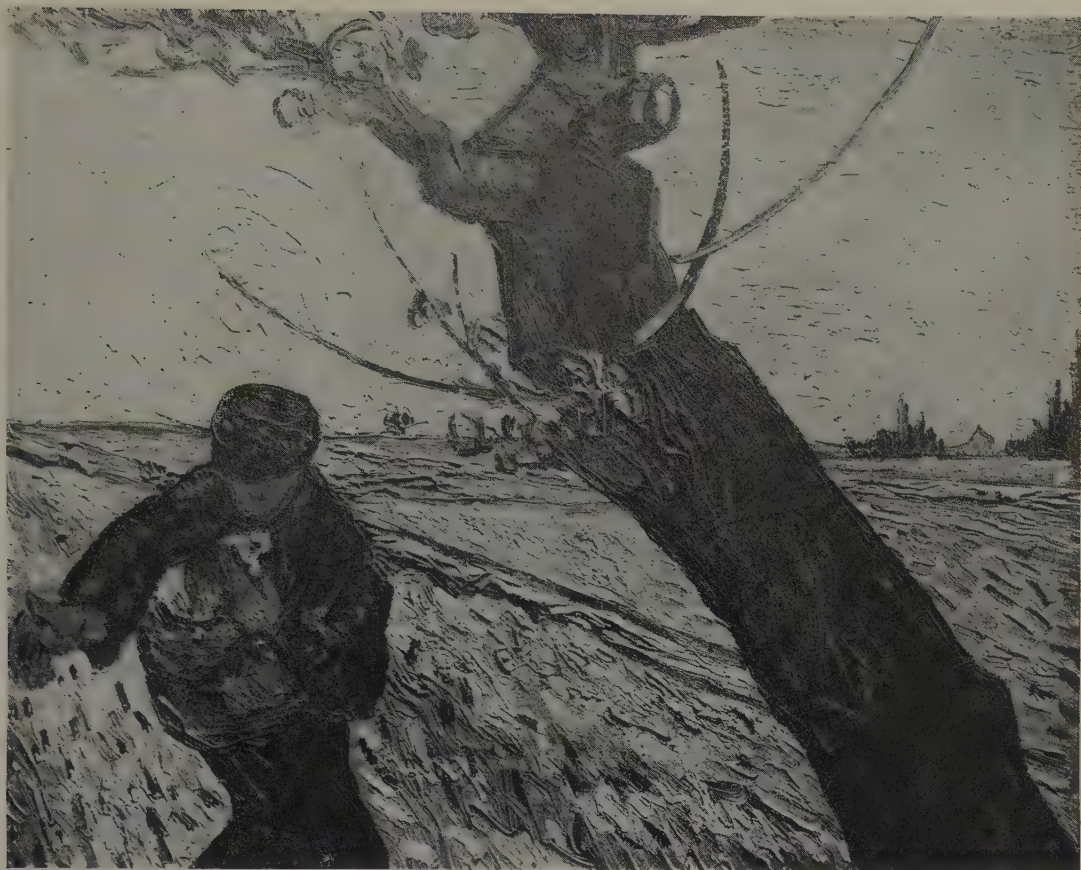


SOWER

Seurat and Signac, the artists of van Gogh's own generation who were to give the last great expression to the Impressionist theory. Apparently he knew the latter men personally; he was certainly intimate with Toulouse-Lautrec and then came the friendship with Gauguin—that strange association of two natures as different as could be imagined, but attracted each by the genius of the other. Van Gogh never met Cézanne but his letters tell his admiration for the art which made him “involuntarily” think of that master when he is before the landscape of the South of France. He thinks of him, he learns from him, but there is not even a superficial resemblance between the work of the two men. Neither can we trace an influence from Gauguin, who came to live with him at Arles for some months of his first year (1888) in the Midi. Impressionism, a principle, could be absorbed by him, an abstract idea of art—like

the Japanese aesthetic—could affect him, but not a personality; for while remaining humble, even toward younger men, his mind was so bent on delivering its own message that we can find scarcely a trace in his painting of another individuality acting upon his own. He had gone from Paris to Arles to see more of the clear French sunlight that had enchanted him after leaving the mists of his own country. In the Midi, overwork, the fierce, truceless activity of his brain which must needs hurl itself at every sort of problem and theory in the few hours when he was not painting or drawing, that terrific concentration which we have remarked before in van Gogh brought on an attack of cerebral trouble, and his brother had him remove to Saint-Rémy, nearby, where he had better living-conditions and care. A year passed there, incredibly rich in results, and then in the spring of 1890

Vincent Van Gogh



SOWER (WITH SUN)

he goes back to Paris, and then to Auvers-sur-Oise, not far away. A few months more of painting remain to him, the vertiginous rapidity of development which has been going on in his art since his arrival in France will continue to the end—which comes by his own hand, on July 29, 1890.

In the thirty years that have passed since then, everyone interested in the evolution of the latter-day schools, has learned what technical matters engaged van Gogh in his education. Quite obviously, the first thing to impress us is his ascent from the pitchy, almost monochromatic painting of his early days to the full blaze of colour with which he ends. The medium of his progression is the division of tones, the exciting or restraining of colours by juxtaposing related hues. Then we note that as the colour assumes the burden of expressing form which had before been left to the modelling by

black and white, his drawing becomes freer to follow the exact nuances of character and the growing beauty of his design. To this special combination of decorative design and colour, through which van Gogh found his expression, the name of Post-Impressionism has been given. Gauguin is the other great initiator of the movement, which has as one characteristic, a willingness to sacrifice what seems to its protagonists minor aspects of the appearance of nature in order to present their thought without the alloy of matters which have not interested them.

But long ago Goya said that sacrifices are a part of every art. Where then is the difference here? It is, I think, in the fact that with this generation, the passing over of realistic qualities previously thought indispensable is the result of conscious decision. At the moment when he was pushing the Impressionist theory of painting



OLD MAN NEAR THE FIRE

LITHOGRAPH

Vincent Van Gogh



YOUNG GIRL

light to the farthest reach it can attain (in representing the sun itself for example), van Gogh was arriving at the classical ideal of colour as a thing deriving its beauty from inner laws of its own. } What makes the magic of the "Hospital at Arles" is not the fact that the substance and space and light are rendered by differences of hue, whereas at the moment when he painted "Old Shoes" he had no other resource than the gradation from black to white; it is that in the later canvas the colours sing to each other in harmony; and it is with the high ethereal harmony of notes to which the unique candor, the lifetime of effort compressed into a few years have given a purity and an intensity unsurpassed in the history of painting. The essential change in his art is perhaps even better seen if we oppose a pair

of works like the early "Old Man" and the "Young Girl" of his last years; on the one hand there is observation of the accidents of appearances—powerful as the mind is that registers its notation; in the later work notation has been enriched by synthesis; the look of nature has been seized indeed and with far fuller means of recording it, but beyond this, there is the control of the means that makes each part work with all the rest of the canvass to produce those over-tones which, for lack of a term less vague, we call beauty. If conviction has at first been lacking in the visitor to the exhibition, surely it must seize upon him as he turns to such a drawing as the "Village of Saintes-Maries". I have spoken of van Gogh's mastery, of the equilibrium of his art, and before works like this one it seems that the words must come spontaneously to

Vincent Van Gogh

the lips of every beholder. Where is there a stroke too many? Where is there a stroke too few? Where does the tone or the compensation of line falter and allow the spectator to wander from the unity, to find a flaw in the radiance? There is none. The laws of colour have become so innate with the artist that we feel their unshakable support when his reed pen touches the paper with black lines as surely as when his brush floods canvas with the most brilliant pigment.

And the contrast suggested in the last lines is perhaps of value, for it brings us back to the differences between the later and the earlier works. Place van Gogh for a moment beside other artists and straightway the differences among his works disappear, and we see only the great man to whom they all belong. The "Painter's House at Arles" is a prodigious thing, "The Plow" is a masterpiece whose greatness will be unsuspected by many even, who have seen hundreds of van Gogh's pictures; the "Postman" startles us with his "Socratic

visage" as the painter called it, the colours in the background are like the great miracles of the old enamelers, the line has the vitality of van Gogh's symbol—the fire; and this man of fire, this painter of old kettles and old shoes transports us to the realms of Fra Angelico as he gives us the celestial polyphony of the blues and yellows in the pure image of the "Young Girl".

And then one turns to the great drawing of the Church at Nuenen, a work of the earliest period, and one would be happy if that alone could always be here for us to see. It is as perfect in spirit, as much an emanation from the mind we have been trying to know as any of the later works. Indeed in its gentle glow, it holds us with a mysterious spell it could scarcely have exercised had we seen it when it was first produced. Then—if we had beheld it with open eyes—it would have seemed such a perfection as might be the consummate end of a career,—now we know that, in all its beauty, it is only a pause, a gathering of forces for a mightier surge into the light.



THE VILLAGE OF SAINTES-MARIES

The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm



THE ARMOUR GARDENS AT MELODY'S FARM BY DELIA AUSTRIAN

A NEW note has come into western landscape gardening that places much of American landscape gardening in a class by itself. Several of our best landscape gardeners have essayed to make use of both formal and informal gardening on the same estate, and with unusual effects.

Their work stands out in sharp contrast with that of the early gardeners which was either so formal as to appear heavy, or so informal as to seem ridiculous in its results.

Even in this more recent work in landscape gardening, the Armour estate at Libertyville, a few miles from Chicago, is unique. Both Mr. and Mrs. Armour are fond of things rural, suggesting an American note in design. They were determined that this should not be lost sight of on Melody's Farm. As one approaches this large estate the eye is greeted by

swaying fields of grain and gently flowing streams.

But since this home is almost a replica of Villa Gamberaia it has been necessary to keep to the formal gardening about the house. As one nears this lovely Italian villa the swaying grain is lost sight of in the velvety grass about the house. On the parterre Italian landscape gardening of a formal type predominates. The front garden is ornamented with antique vases brought from Villa Longhe. These huge vases are simple in their contour and decoration, but they are imposing because of their size. On the parterre is a white summer-house, supported by heavy pillars and left open to the sky. The floor is of black and white marble. In the center of this summer rest-house is a black marble table supported by fanciful creatures fashioned of white marble.

This table is used to support a bronze figure of a wrestler about to lunge forward with arms outstretched.

The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm



Close by is a marble fountain that plays into an artificial lake. The border of the small lake is ornamented with tubs of hardy flowering plants, foremost of these are the baskets and tubs of pink and red geraniums.

The small lake is edged with cone-shaped evergreens. The basins filled with water are separated by a smooth carpet of velvety grass, edged with tall grasses. These basins are treated more formally by marble coping, and tall carved marble basins. The formal idea is kept and yet the monotony broken by box hedges worked into conventional designs. Dark in the background are maples and oaks.

Close to the house are antique marble tubs beautifully carved and filled with tall evergreen. The front of the building has an abundance of green to give warmth to the white tone of the house. This consists of heavy growing ivy, and a low hedge running the length of the house.

A delightful walk, bordered by a low hedge on both sides, leads to the summer-house,

which is a copy of the Pope's summer-house at Rome. On the way up one passes a small but exquisite garden of roses of many varieties. The delicate pink and red rambler roses are grown on stands and arranged into umbrella shapes. The approach to this villa is kept clear to show the exquisite architecture of this beautifully designed summer home. The low hedge borders the wide walk, and a few firebushes and tall cypress grow near the house. In the center is a marble fountain, ornamented on either side with marble tubs filled with hardy plants. The orchard with its appletrees and peartrees forms a brilliant sight on the other side of the wall.

It is right at this point that the best methods of English and Italian gardening are used and blended with faultless skill.

The rose garden with its Dorothy Perkins, the William Egan, and the Débutante roses clustered into arches and umbrellas is, in the main, late Italian. But part of this same garden is English, as is seen in the stone vases

The Armour Gardens at Melody's Farm

in which grow hardy plants.

Surrounding the gardener's cottage is a picking garden of flowers and a large truck garden. The screen service has a rich border of greyish arundinarias and eulalia. In the vegetable garden grows everything in season, from marrow squash to the finest hot house grapes. This is where Mr. Armour spends his leisure moments, for he is fond of nature and loves to while away pleasant hours working with his flowers in the picking gar-



den or in the truck garden.

But even in this informal part the Italian note in landscape design is maintained, for hidden among the trees and heavy grown ivy is an antique stone bench, ornamented with an antique marble dolphin that spurts water into the basin below.

Beyond is the stone bridge, under which flows a winding, swift-flowing stream, which carries the visitor to the farm and woodland, acres of which are kept growing in their rural beauty.





THE DEPARTURE FOR SCHOOL
AND THE RETURN

RED AND WHITE

The Romance of Old Chintzes



OASIS

RED, BLUE AND PURPLE
AGAINST TAN

THE ROMANCE OF OLD CHINTZES BY MARY HARROD NORTHEND

(Continued from May number.)

THE early hand-blocked designs were crude in a measure, indistinct or blurry and were used principally for hangings and curtains, the textiles being of a coarse rough finish. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century important strides were made toward better finished, finer materials and more delicately executed and artistic designs.

The invention of the spinning machine by the Englishman, Sir Richard Arkwright, made available home produced calicoes of the fineness of the imported Indian cottons at much lower cost.

Then the cylinder printing and the discoveries of new dyes giving a more extensive range of colours of full rich tones opened up a much broader market for the wares of the calico printer. The heyday of prosperity came

with the closing years of the eighteenth century and lasted through the first quarter of the nineteenth. At this time the vogue for printed cottons ranged all the way from palace draperies to cottage bed quilts and from the peasant woman's petticoat to Milady's garden-party frock.

As De Foe, in his "Tour," wrote of the century earlier English vogue, they "crept into our houses, our closets, and bed chambers: curtains, cushions, chairs and at last beds themselves were nothing but calicoes." And in this, the early part of the twentieth century, we might easily subscribe to Defoe's delightful exaggeration.

A fitting close to the chapter on the history of the French development of the printed textiles is perhaps a list of some of the more important pieces extant. From Jouy there came first "The Fables of La Fontaine," after designs of J. B. Oudry. "The Village Festival" and "The Doves," "The Occupations of the Manufacture," "The Balloon Ascension," in

The Romance of Old Chintzes

1783, and "The Federation" in 1790, are among the earlier productions.² Among the later designs taken from historical and literary subjects, "The Four Quarters of the World," "The Farm," "Paul and Virginia," are best known.

The English fabricators copied largely from the French designs so that it is difficult to say precisely from the design itself of which origin a piece is derived. The texture is a better test because the French in their early efforts used the imported materials which were finer, and when they began to manufacture their own textiles they used an admixture of linen with the cotton. The French specimens are more rare as the period of production was shorter than in England, nor was it ever so commercially developed.

Of the companioning illustrations and those reproduced in the former article, five are obviously French designs but only one—the camels—answers the expert test of actual French origination. It is of the Egyptian period in design, but judged by the colourings employed it is of a somewhat later period, actually. The richly caparisoned animals stand by the well on the oasis while the driver fills his water bottles in preparation for the next lap of the journey.

Appearances indicate that the camels, too, have filled their water bottles, and are impatient to be on the way. The floral surround is in rich reds, blues, and purples, and creates the floating island effect generally employed in scenic designs. The faintly outlined pyramid gives a suggestion of perspective astonishingly real, and showing that the designer was truly an artist.

The next probable French piece is the family quarrel and reconciliation in the customary four-panel sectors with the captions in French.

In the soft purple and white tones of the original lies a charm which rests the eye, while the depictions arouse the imagination. There is in these four detached scenes a whole story to be unravelled—if one cares for picture puzzles—and the interpretation is entirely open to the student.

The panel, reproduced in the first article, depicting scenes from the historic romance of Jeanne d'Arc, also in purple and white, seems

to answer most of the tests of French origin.

The fragment shows only two complete scenes, but the fourth is more than suggested by the kindled pyre and part of the white-robed figure. There is no apparent clue to the third; and to the enthusiast what more potent lure than the missing link—somewhere he feels he will find that other fragment with which to complete this pictorial tale.

What was France's loss, occasioned by the prohibitory laws affecting weavers and printers, proved to be England's gain. With the advent of William of Orange and Mary to the English throne, the French and Dutch refugees swarmed into the country bringing with them a craftsmanship superior to any there existing at the time.

A goodly number were printers and silk weavers and they settled down around London and quietly established themselves in their respective trades, the silk weavers at Spitalfields and the calico printers at Richmond, Bow and Old Ford. The competition of the imported Oriental "chints" was an incentive which soon caused the very close imitation and eventually the anglicizing of even the name "chint" into chints, or chintz. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the printed stuffs were dear in price—an old diary of 1690 records thusly, "Gave thirty-three pounds (\$165) for one parcel of Atlasse, etc. I gave to dear wife," and "thirty-eight pounds (\$190) for one India quilt for bed." In 1631 the East India Company was allowed by Royal Proclamation to import amongst other things printed "calicoes" under which heading were included several kinds of Indian cottons, and these were used for the most part in the better class of work. The home woven materials of this early period of hand printing were like coarse canvas, and were doubtless either destroyed by subsequent owners or covered up by a newer material; in some cases old horsehair-covered walnut chairs, apparently Victorian, have been found to reveal underneath the horsehair, successive coverings. It is in this way that most of the very few surviving fragments of the earlier crude type have been preserved.

It was not until the last quarter of the eighteenth century that home produced fabrics were generally used. But the new and im-

The Romance of Old Chintzes



QUARREL AND RECONCILIATION

PURPLE AND WHITE

proved processes of printing in the mid-century, brought the printed cottons into such high favour that the silk-weavers, feeling the effect upon their market, were forced to protest. This they did with increasing vigour and venom. A very amusing effort on the part of the silk weavers to defame the callico printers is worth quoting.

THE SPITTLEFIELD BALLADS,
OR THE
WEAVERS' COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CALLICO MADAMS

Our trade is so bad
That the weavers run mad
Through the want of both work and provisions,
That some hungry poor rogues
Feed on grains like our hogs,
They're reduced to such wretched conditions.
Then well may they tayre
What our lady's now wear
And as foes to our country upbraid 'em,
Till none shall be thought
A more scandalous slut
Than a tawdry callico Madam.
When our trade was in wealth
Our women had health,
We silks, rich embroideries and satins,
Fine stuffs and good crapes
For each ord'nary trapes
That is destin'd to hobble in pattins;
For the wife of a Prince

Illegible

And a butterfly gown for a gay dame,
Thin painted old sheets

For each trull in the streets
To appear like a callico Madam.
In the last stanza the poet waxeth wroth at the male friends of the fair wearers of chintzes—

It's no matter at all
If the Prince of Iniquity had 'em,
Or that each for a bride
Should be cursedly tied
To some damn'd Callico Madam!

This ill-feeling vented itself in riots and street demonstrations—trade-unions were ever the life of the English labour classes. Weavers of silks and woollens marched to Westminster in a body—a popular present-day recreation—and asked for a ban on the production of chintzes; and they tore the gowns from the backs of women on the return route. Eventually Parliament temporized, and actually passed an act forbidding “printed cottons” to be bought or sold after first imposing heavy taxes. But the taxes were evaded and foreign stuffs smuggled in, and in a short time the Act had to be repealed, and again the trade flourished apace.

The golden age of chintz printing by hand-work was the decade or more enveloping the year 1760—or by comparison, corresponding with the Chippendale epoch in furniture—it is in fact the Chippendale influence which makes the printers' product of this period the



FARMING
SCENE

BROWN
AND YELLOW

The Romance of Old Chintzes



PASTORAL

PURPLE AND WHITE

elite of all time. The change from the Queen Anne design of intertwining spirals and delicately balanced floral combinations is marked in the introduction of the Chinese atmosphere so prevalent in all art of that time. The exotic bird patterns are the finest of all, but the flowers and foliage, the vases and porcelains depicted are all similarly Oriental. Pinks, blues and greens and more brilliant orange and reds are the predominating colours. This parallelism of furniture and textile art is borne out by the transition from the Chippendale through the Gothic or architectural school—the Spode plates bear the same quaint mixture of ruined churches and rococo floral ornamentation—to the Hepplewhite and Sheraton periods. These latter designs are distinguished by vertical stripes within lace-like ribands with the elimination of architectural detail and reversion to flowers as subject material. The cornflower and carnation, prunus flowers and palm trees are suggestions of the Chinese influence, while roses and bachelor's buttons mark the weaning away from the East to the more English taste in art. It may almost be said that this departure from the old lines, due to the cheapening of the market and commercialism in general, put the seal on chintz printing as an art. Real craftsmanship has been defined as the work "of one individual or a small group of workers who are so closely associated in the bonds of craftsmanship that the work may bear the impress of a definite personality."

While block-printing all but died out, there was left the spark which William Morris and his fellow-workers in England blew into quickened life, and slowly but surely the revived art has returned into its own in England and America.

The canons governing this craft differ radically from those of other decorative textile works. The weaver of silks and woollens is confined to solid patterns which will appear in his transverse threads; but the printer of cloths is like a painter of pictures—he is fancy free and can stamp on his cotton the most delicately intricate and colourful subjects. This will be demonstrated by scrutinizing the varied illustrations. In the farmyard panel, which is in tones of old yellow and brown with buff background, every inch is crowded with the details of everyday life in rural England, and a positive conglomeration of vegetation violates all nature's laws,—three different branches of trees apparently spring from a "hydra"-plant behind the load of hay. Then compare the fragile delicacy with which another workman has elaborated the same subject—the grace of the figures, the perspective of the river and bridge, and the house with its infinite detail equal the charm of an old etching. The animals have life, the figures are animate, and the little scene stands out in clear relief, the lavender-purple ink on the age-yellow white background suiting the subject to perfection.

The Romance of Old Chintzes



THE CROWNING
OF SHAKESPEARE

RED AND
WHITE

The crowning of Shakespeare with a wreath of stars is a more symbolic and perhaps less artistic effort of the early nineteenth century. It is executed in red on white. The medallion insets are portrayals of famous actors and actresses who have created immortal interpretations of Shakespearian characters.

In soft brown and white is the fine portraiture, reproduced in the May article, of King Charles II and Henrietta, his Queen, in riding attire with their roan and white steeds champing at the bit and pawing with impatient hoof at the door. What relationship there is in dimension between the grand Royalties and the tiny dogs on the carpeted ground leaves the writer guessing. It may have been necessary even then to create impressions of grandeur by false comparison—at any rate the distant equipage and mountain view bear out the theory that the artist knew whereof he painted and quite probably he was rewarded for his loyalty in perversion. The upper portion presents the other side of the picture.

King Charles I is hiding in the thick branches of the tree while Cromwell and his men with bloodhounds are tricked off the trail to the apparent amusement of the smiling monarch.

The technically exquisite rendering of the English family scenes in the double-panelled picture is an adaptation from Morland's painting—the departure from home of the eldest offspring and his subsequent return home from school, events which count in the life of an English family. The colour scheme is red and white, indicating an early period.

The choice tit-bit of the lot is the Chinese Chippendale in rose-red and white. The fine shading of the scene and expressive pose of the figures is art par excellence. The beautiful pheasant poised gracefully on the slender curving branch of an exotic flowering vine is lacking his head—the fragment has been so denuded—but the effect of the whole is the embodiment of grace and typifies the best in the art of the printer of chintzes in the Chippendale period—the Golden Age of Art.



Three Editorial Bows

THREE EDITORIAL BOWS

BOWING is much the most difficult thing in the world. It is almost a lost art. People do not bow nowadays. They nod, or just contract the eyebrows. But in an age of nods and winks and minor impertinences, I, the Editor, must still bow.

First, I bow to the past. For eight years the late Mr. W. H. de B. Nelson was Editor of this paper. They were not easy years. The war came and it grew increasingly difficult to keep the clear flame of art burning. Standards changed. The whole world of 1914 crumbled and there was little to help the critic to distinguish false from true among the welter of new formlessnesses which raised their heads from the chaos. With rising prices space had to be curtailed and economies affected. Then, as the tide began to turn, Mr. Nelson died.

It was not my privilege to know Mr. Nelson well, and I have preferred to allow others to offer the homage that is his due. But I should be doing ill if I did not record the expressions of sorrow it has been my hourly duty to receive.

I bow then to the past. It is my hope that nothing of value may be lost.

I bow to the present. Even in a country dedicated to progress men are afraid of change. The new man is regarded with suspicion. Editorship especially is such a personal matter that to the friends of a past regime it seems hardly conceivable that change will not mean loss. To such as doubt, this number is dedicated, with the reminder that to co-operation two parties are necessary.

I bow to the future. The lowest bow of all.

It is perhaps inevitable, since no two men have precisely similar ideas, that change of Editorship should bring with it change of policy.

In the present case the tendency will be towards a broadening of our conception of Art. The custom has always been rather to restrict the term Art to the Fine Arts,

and regard it as a luxury for the few. The American Business Man of the past scoffed at Art as an affectation. Upper Fifth Avenue is his legacy to the Nation. Now things are changing for the better. There is a growing realization that the field of Art is not restricted to the pictures and sculptures of the rich, but embraces every activity of mankind.

There is a growing demand in America for hand-made products, but a great dearth of craftsmen. Formerly these came from abroad, but now the high wages paid to unskilled labour discourage the young man from undertaking the long and arduous training necessary. This means a great loss to American Industry, for the quality of the machine-made product depends more closely than is usually imagined on the quality of the craftsmen, as witness the long period in the last century when craftsmanship was dead.

With this idea in mind, I am planning a series of articles on Industrial Art, which, taking architecture as the prime factor, will build out of this the ideal twentieth century home.

For the rest, good resolutions by the score might be mentioned, but of these more when they are put into action.

One thing only. There are many men doing good work, who yet offer little scope to the interpreter. For such men these Editorial pages are designed. Here outstanding work will be discussed, and such discussion coming fresh upon achievement will be of value to the artist, giving him both encouragement and publicity. Criticism, too, will be unsparing, though friendly. In these columns exhibitions also will be noticed, and significant work reproduced.

Enough of resolutions. It is not the form that counts, it is the spirit which gives the form life. So that this magazine is kept a live magazine, with eyes to pry out where art is being achieved and a tongue to give it voice, little else matters. Above all don't let us be too serious. For every hit we shall probably miss a dozen times. It is the hits that count, luckily. Art is stronger than we and chooses her own apostles.

Book Reviews



BOOK REVIEW.

JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS. By Basil Stewart, (Dodd, Mead & Company).

THE writer of art books, like the opera composer, works in a dual form. Himself both artist in paints and artist in words, he must hold a delicate balance between the two. It is thus no serious condemnation to say that "Japanese Colour Prints" is not *the* book on Japanese Colour Prints for which we are all looking.

The most successful chapters are those on "How Colour Prints are produced," "Actor Prints," "Japanese Plays," "Figure Subjects; Courtesans and Geisha." It is interesting to note that in Japan as in Eur-

ope acting was regarded for centuries as an immoral profession, so that actors were treated as outcasts, and artists who associated with them ran the risk of like treatment. However, playgoing must have been an essential to the people, for, as many plays took as long as twelve hours to perform, they must have spent the day there. It is curious that this passion for playgoing, and the high place which posture took as against diction, did not influence artists to paint the human body as God made it. It is on these points that Mr. Stewart is least helpful. However we are grateful for the account of the Drama of "The Chushingara," on which John Masefield based his play, "The Faithful." The book is lavishly illustrated.



Exhibited at the Gallery on the Moors, Gloucester

NAIAD-DRYAD

A. H. ATKINS



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE CHINNERY
 FROM A CRAYON DRAWING
 BY HIMSELF

THE LIFE AND WORK OF GEORGE
 CHINNERY, R.H.A., IN CHINA. BY
 JAMES ORANGE.

IN Mr. W. G. Strickland's "Dictionary of Irish Artists" an account is given of the life and work of George Chinnery, but it contains little detail of the China period. The artist's gouache work has been dealt with recently in an excellent article by Mr. R. R. M. See containing some fine reproductions. It is with the Chinese period that the present article is concerned.

George Chinnery was born in London on January 5th, 1774; began to exhibit at

the Royal Academy in 1791; practised in Dublin from 1797 to 1802 (married in 1799); and proceeded to Madras in 1802. Leaving Madras in 1807 he went to Calcutta, where he remained until 1825, when he sailed for China. Soon after his arrival in Macao his wife threatened to join him, so he removed to Canton, for, as he remarked, "Now I am all right. What a kind providence is this Chinese government that it forbids the softer sex from coming and bothering us here!" After about two years in Canton he resumed residence in Macao, living in the same house until he died on May 30th, 1852.



PORTRAIT OF A HONG
MERCHANT IN CANTON
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

Chinnery's genius met with early recognition in England and Ireland, and in India he became a noted artist. The references of Thackeray in "The Newcomes" and of Sir Charles D'Oyley in "Tom Raw" testify to his skill and reputation. He received important commissions and could have made a large fortune if he had not been possessed of the eccentricity of genius and of so restless a character. It was rare for him to complete a picture; he would take pains with the face of the sitter and be quite indifferent to the complexion, the drapery, and other accessories. It was said that there were over fifty unfinished portraits in his studio when he left Calcutta.

「 In China he entered into a society which was not artistic, and his life was a constant financial struggle, yet on the whole a happy one. Contemporary writers speak of his charming and genial disposition and of the affection in which he was held. Mr. William C. Hunter, in "Bits of Old China," has many allusions to Chinnery thus :

“ Facile in expression, quick in comparison or illustration, he always made himself welcome with his amusing stories of local as well as of Indian life.

“ As a story-teller his words and manner equalled his skill with the brush, while to one of the ugliest of faces were added deep-



"HOW QUA, HEAD OF THE HONG
MERCHANTS IN CANTON." OIL PAINT-
ING BY GEORGE CHINNERY, R.H.A.



"MACAO FROM THE INNER
HARBOUR." WATER-COLOUR
BY GEORGE CHINNERY



"CREEK NEAR MACAO"
WATER-COLOUR BY
GEORGE CHINNERY



"GROUP OF CHINESE AT A MEAL
IN STREET." OIL - PAINTING
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

set eyes with heavy brows brimming with expression and good nature. ♦ ♦

"During the whole time that Mr. Chinnery had passed amongst us, twenty-seven years, he had been remarked for two characteristics, one of being an enormous eater, the other of never drinking either wine, beer or spirits. His sole beverage was tea, oftener cold than hot." ♦ ♦ ♦

Miss Low, niece of W. H. Low, of Boston, U.S.A., whose portrait Chinnery painted in 1833, wrote a journal of her visit to Macao, 1829-1833, which was published by her daughter, Mrs. K. Hillard, and entitled "My Mother's Journal." In it there are many allusions to Chinnery, giving a living impression of his personality. ♦

A French author who dubbed himself "Old Nick" quotes in his book "La Chine Ouverte" (Paris, 1845), from a letter

written in 183- which gives a long account of Lam Qua, a pupil of Chinnery, and describes the rivalry between the two artists; while praising the work of the pupil, he admits that the talent of Chinnery was very superior and explains that the bitterness of Chinnery was caused by the lower prices of the pupil. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Dr. Sylvia Mendes, of Macao, an ardent collector and admirer of Chinnery, has some examples of Lam Qua's work which, while resembling the style of Chinnery, cannot be compared to the latter's productions. Lam Qua exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1835 and 1845. His name is now quite forgotten by Chinese painters, but that of Chinnery is still remembered. Dr. Mendes in a recent letter to the writer says: "Une remarque très intéressante; la tradition de George Chin-



"ITINERANT CHINESE BLACK-SMITH." OIL - PAINTING
BY GEORGE CHINNERY

nery à Canton est encore bien vive. Il y est très bien connu parmi les peintres à l'huile. Dans un grand magasin de photographie, ou je suis entré pour voir une peinture de Chinnery, on m'a remarqué qu'elle n'était pas là pour être vendue mais pour être étudiée par les peintres, c'est de 'Chinnalee' (c'était un portrait de femme anglaise ou américaine.)" ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Chinnery's work in China has a certain monotony, for he painted the same individuals and the same scenes and types of Chinese life many times albeit with some difference in detail. His best work is probably to be found in charming scenes of

Chinese life, for his great delight was in sketching ; every morning of fine weather attracted him out at dawn, and his vigorous sketches in both pen and ink and pencil are masterly drawings. Some of his portraits in oil are remarkably good, though it is said, not always faithful likenesses, while others are evidently painted without any artistic effort and most probably to produce the money required at the moment. His landscapes, and small marine views are especially attractive, whether in oil or water-colour. A favourite subject was the sampan girl or boat woman with the black trousers, blue tunic, and red kerchief over



"EAST INDIA COMPANY AGENT'S
RESIDENCE AT MACAO." FROM
A PENCIL-DRAWING BY GEORGE
CHINNERY

the head. One of the best examples is an oil painting in the possession of Mr. G. T. Veitch. So far as the writer can recall, he did not do any pictures or sketches of rough sea or stormy weather; evidently he loved peace in nature as well as in mind. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

The colours and materials used by the artist were ground and mixed in his own studio, and fortunately have stood the test of time; the blues and reds are durable and especially good. He did not sign any pictures, but many of his sketches, pen and ink and pencil, are initialled and dated, with notes added in a shorthand writing.

Most principals of firms in China during 1825-1852 obtained from him portraits of themselves and friends and pictures of Chinese life; most of these are now in Europe or America, and very few are to be found in China. It was a fashion thirty or forty years ago among old firms to possess a Chinnery, like a piece of plate or old furniture. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

The list of Chinnery's works in the

"Dictionary of Irish Artists" is far from complete. Sir Robert Buchanan Jardine, Bart., has about forty pictures, principally oils, portraits and scenes of India and China, including an admirable portrait of Mr. William Jardine, founder of the China firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co. and *A View of Macao*, a picture of strong contrasts and particularly worthy of attention. ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

Major Henry Keswick has eighteen Chinese pictures, besides Indian scenes and an interesting volume of sketches by Chinnery. Some of the pictures were loaned by his father, Mr. William Keswick, to an exhibition held in Hong Kong in 1867. Mr. J. J. Keswick, Mrs. Morris, Messrs. John Bell Irving and John Johnstone (all connected with the firm of Jardine, Matheson & Co.) possess several fine examples of the painter's art. ◊ ◊

Miss M. B. Maguire, of Dublin, has a large collection, and has acquired a mass of information with a view to publishing a book on the life and work of her relative.



"STREET SCENE, MACAO"
PEN-DRAWING BY
GEORGE CHINNERY

Mr. R. M. Gray has a portrait of his uncle, William Forsyth Gray, of Canton and Macao, painted about 1840, and there are several portraits in America, especially of the Low family, including the picture of Miss Low which is so frequently mentioned in her journal. ■ ■ ■

The British Museum possesses thirty-six sheets of mostly pen-and-ink and pencil sketches and four engravings from two pictures of Macao, the portrait of Thomas Colledge and that of Dr. Morrison translating the Bible into Chinese. ■ ■ ■

The Victoria and Albert Museum has three miniatures and a water-colour *A Coast Scene*, signed "Geo. Chinnery, 1801." ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The National Portrait Gallery picture of the artist painted by himself and presented by Mr. John Dent in 1888, is probably the best of the many portraits of the artist. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The Dr. George Morrison Library, now owned by Baron Hisaya Iwasaki, Tokyo,

Japan, includes two volumes of Chinnery's works. One contains 206 pen-and-ink and pencil sketches, and the other thirty-nine finished water-colour drawings and eighty-four sketches. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The above is but a brief account of a genius, who, in different circumstances and with other opportunities, would probably have reached the highest rank among the artists of his time. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

The oil portrait of *How Qua, Head of the Hong Merchants in Canton*, was painted for W. H. Chichele Plowden, Agent of the Hon. East India Company's Factories in Canton and Macao. How Qua, 1769-1843, was immensely wealthy and held in the highest esteem by all foreigners. (The Hong merchants were honourable and reliable in all their dealings, faithful to their contracts and large-minded.) The *Portrait of a Hong Merchant in Canton*, also painted in oils, was formerly the property of Sir John Francis Davis, Governor of the Colony of Hong Kong ;



"CHINESE JUNK AT ANCHOR"
FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY
GEORGE CHINNERY

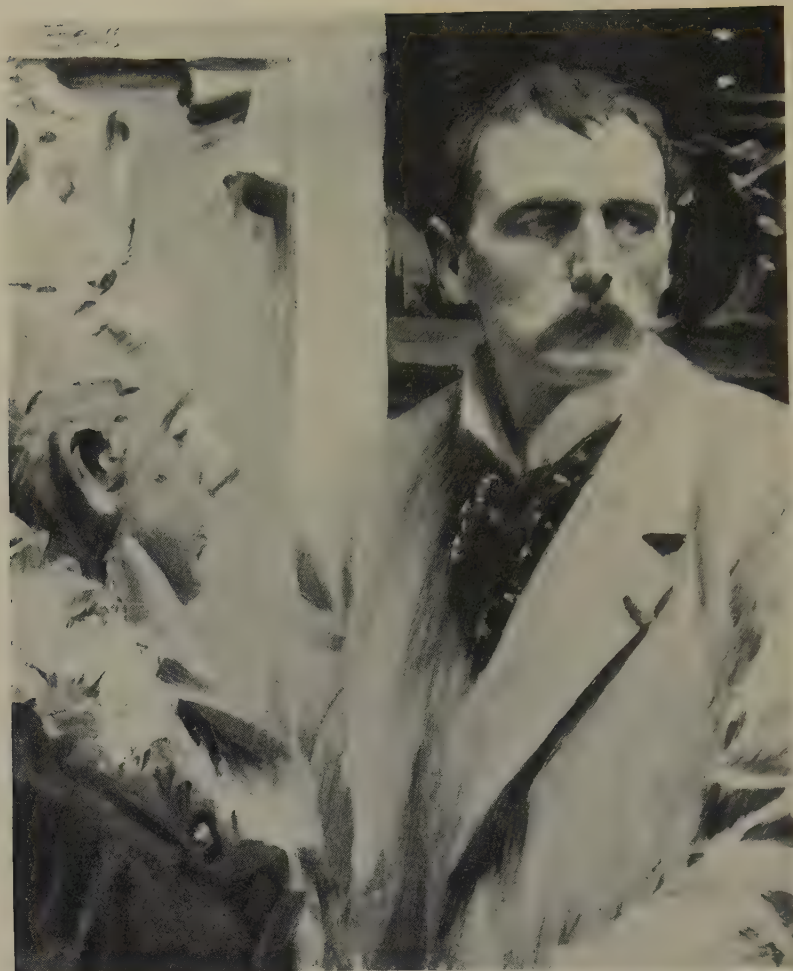
it has not been identified, but may be that of Seng Qua. The robe is dark purple—brown and bright blues and reds occur in the elaborately painted embroidery of apron and under-garment. The picture of *A Chinese Gate-keeper* represents a type very familiar to old residents in China. The *Itinerant Blacksmith* and *Group of Chinese at a Meal in Street*, both quite small canvases, are favourite subjects of the artist and have charming effects of colour. The water-colours, also small, are luminous and finished with care. The pencil drawing of *East India Company Agent's Residence at Macao* is a masterly drawing;

it is initialled and dated 1829. The crayon portrait of the artist is slightly tinted—blue eyes and red lips. These works are all from the collection of the writer and may be taken as typical of Chinnery's work in China; portraits of foreigners have been omitted from the selection. The pen-and-ink sketches are from the Dr. George Morrison Library, Tokyo. ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻ ◻

There are many pictures and works of Chinnery which are not mentioned in Mr. Strickland's list nor in this article, and the writer would be grateful if owners would kindly communicate with him with a view of compiling as complete a list as possible.



PEN SKETCHES OF
CHINESE LIFE. BY
GEORGE CHINNERY



"SELF-PORTRAIT." BY
ANDERS ZORN
(Uffizi Gallery, Florence;
Photo. Rischgitz)

ANDERS ZORN: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS. ♦ ♦ ♦

MORA, where Zorn was born and died, is a little village by the shores of Lake Siljan, in the heart of Dalecarlia, which itself lies in the very heart of Sweden. Hills surround the lake, and the country for miles in all directions is timber land, dotted with lakes, and intersected by rivers. From Fuloberg, a hill overlooking Lake Siljan, the eye can look north and east for a hundred miles over uninhabited forest; uninhabited, that is, during the summer months, for in the winter the lumber men go and live their lonely lives among the giant firs. ♦ ♦

In this country, in the year 1860, Zorn was born. His father was a German and employed in a brewery; his mother (well known to all collectors of the etchings as "Mona") was of old Dalecarlian peasant stock. The boy first showed his talent for drawing at school at Enköping, and when about fifteen years of age some of his father's friends subscribed 400 kronor (£21) to enable him to attend the Academy school at Stockholm. ♦

Even in the 'seventies £21 would not go far for a growing boy, but it sufficed for the school fees, and he kept himself in food by selling pencil portraits at 15s. each. In later days he used to tell how his mother reproached him when, after

ANDERS ZORN: SOME PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS

a couple of years' study, he returned to Mora penniless. "If you had done as I wished and gone to learn to be a tailor, you would be getting four kronor a week now!" By 1882, however, he had saved enough money to come to England, where he stayed with a friend at Richmond, Surrey. But his money was soon exhausted, and on his friend's advice he went to one of the principal dealers in the Haymarket to try and sell an oil painting—a portrait of himself. He asked £60 for this, and the dealer offered £3. Zorn angrily left the shop and vowed never to have anything to do with "art dealers" again. Penniless, he boldly took a studio in Brook Street at a rental of £5 a week; got some elegant cards printed, and soon received a commission to paint various members of the Swedish Legation. In a few months all anxiety for the future was gone. ■ ■ ■

It was in midsummer 1916 that I made Zorn's acquaintance, when staying at Fuloberg hut as the guest of Dr. Helling, who attended him in his last illness. Fuloberg is a "saeter"—one of those hill-tops to which the cattle are driven to make the most of the short summer, and eat the grass which is not found lower down. The hut, a solid wooden building, originally belonged to Zorn but was given by him to Dr. Helling; it was built in the early seventeenth century. ■

Zorn's own house is in the valley, near Mora Church, and has a verandah with a beautiful view overlooking the river. Upon entering the drawing-room I saw Zorn, a huge and rather corpulent man, sitting in an arm-chair with the tiniest little Yorkshire terrier sitting upon his shoulder. He shook hands and introduced me at once to "Liten" (little fellow) the dog. "He is an Englishman too, and he comes from Yorkshire and weighs three and a half pounds, which is less than his master weighs!" He spoke English perfectly, but with a strong foreign accent; his face was much lined, and had a tired, kind look. He told me about his visits to America and England; it was in America, and not Ireland, that he made the etching of *An Irish Girl*—a rarity to-day. ■

Liljefors, the animal painter, then came

in, but unfortunately he spoke no English. Mrs. Zorn then asked me to come to see the studio, and there I found wonderful old Dalecarlian tapestries, and solander cases full of Zorn's etchings. "Some English people are very queer," said Zorn. "A man came to see me once and spoke about my etchings, but I could see that he didn't know what an etching was." I brought him here (in a little side room full of porcelain trays and dishes) and told him that this was where I bit my plates. He looked very astonished, but after thinking a little asked me, "But don't you find that it injures your teeth?"

He showed me his private collection of pictures, and some of the old Dalecarlian woven work. Frescoes, done by the peasantry some hundred years ago, once covered the walls of Mora Church, but have been many times whitewashed over. When the old woodwork and old pews were threatened with destruction by the church authorities, Zorn offered to have the walls cleaned, the frescoes brought to light and the old woodwork restored at his own expense, but this was refused. The walls were painted and new pine-wood pews brought in. "It is strange," he said, "to think that there is perhaps no town in Europe where my authority in any art matter would not have some weight. Only in little Mora it is not so."

After tea we went into the gardens and saw his statue *The Morning Bath*, a beautiful nude girl in bronze, pressing a sponge against her breast. We went across to the small house which Zorn had built for his mother, and met the old lady, perfectly charming in her Dalecarlian peasant dress with white headcloth. She used to spend much of her time on sunny days sitting outside the door, smoking an old iron pipe, and she worshipped her son.

Midsummer's day throughout Sweden is a public holiday. Upon all the hill-tops and in all the villages, maypoles are erected and the people spend the whole of the daylight night in dancing. At Mora, no dancing would begin, nor would the maypole be erected, until Zorn appeared. He was certainly the "uncrowned king" of Dalarne; and his charities and good deeds throughout the district were un-

THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

countable. It is entirely due to his influence that the picturesque costumes of the peasantry have never been discarded, and it is to be hoped that his memory may be kept alive by their retention.

He had been failing in health for some weeks, but the illness of which he died was sudden. Dr. Helling was called, and found that it was too late. An operation was performed as a last chance—but he sank under it.

He was sensible almost till the last, but at 1 a.m. unconsciousness supervened and his hands began to go through the motions of painting.

He spoke of colours, and of Liten, his little dog, and quietly passed away. As an artist he is a loss to the world; but as a man his death will leave an unfillable void in the heart of every Dalecarlian.

E. L. ALLHUSEN.

THE ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF GEORGE SOPER, R.E. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

MR. GEORGE SOPER has been etching barely three years, yet already he has achieved plates, such as *South Down Shepherd* and *Timber Hauling, No. 2*, reproduced in the second and third Folios of *THE CHARM OF THE ETCHER'S ART*, which have won him a distinctive place among the contemporary British etchers who count with discriminating collectors. And it is no easy thing for a practised book-illustrator, who has been habitually adapting his art to picture-making at the suggestion or dictation of authors and publishers, to emancipate his artistic outlook and embark on the adventure of a pictorial free lance, choosing at will the motive that appeals for the spontaneous utterance of the instinctive etcher.



"BURNING TWITCH." ETCHING
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.
(By permission of Mr. H. C. Dickens)



"BINDING FAGGOTS." ETCHING
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

Yet this is what Mr. Soper has done, and with notable promise of success, because his etching is the result of a sincere artistic impulse toward free linear expression upon the copper-plate. Wisely, he sought from the first the best grounding he could get in the etcher's craft, and this he got with the true traditions from that past-master of all the crafts of intaglio engraving, Sir Frank Short. Soundly equipped, then, in the matter of technique, Mr. Soper began his adventure as etcher, and in such early plates as *Coal Wharf*, *Topsham*, *Devon*, and *Pit Props for the Trenches*, we see already that, though the composition inclines a little to "tightness," the line is not only well and truly drawn, but bitten and printed with a nice feeling for the tone subtleties of acid and of ink, albeit instinct with little of that subtle vitality and spontaneity of suggestion that makes for the etcher's magic. There is more of this in *A Cornish Farm*, the charm of which is in its sunny serenity of expression. In *Gleaning* and *Binding*

Faggots we find Mr. Soper trying a more open treatment, with freer and more fluent line, and greater economy in its selection; but, especially in the latter plate, we still scent the illustrator's picture-making tendency rather than the etcher's spontaneous impulse to suggest a vivid impression of a human action momentarily seen in its natural rhythm. But when I turn to that beautiful little plate, *Burning Twitch*, I feel that the etcher has come artistically into his own. With true observation and sensitive, expressive drawing, he has realised the scene; the woman's attitude is spontaneous, she is actually feeling the weight of the spade and handling it to "stoke," as it were, the burning mass of twitch. And how justly the figure takes its place upon the plate, how admirably balanced the tone! ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

One of Mr. Soper's attractive qualities as etcher is his independence in choice of subject-matter; he etches no type of subject because others have done it with success.



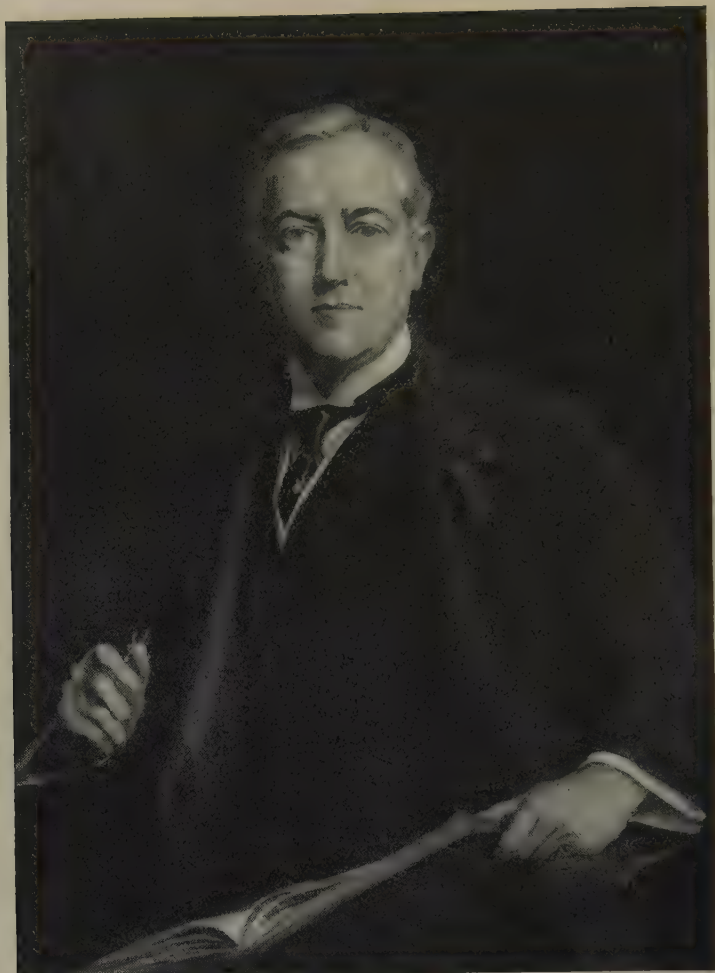
"FEEDING CATTLE," (1917). ETCHING BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.

On the other hand he is giving a new lead in the matter of pictorial content for the copper-plate in England. A very real interest in the life of the country-side about his Hertfordshire home draws him into personal intimacy with the labourers of the fields, and in the varied activities of the agricultural life he finds pictorial motives for his etching-needle or his dry-point. Working with his sketch-book or his copper-plate in the fields, with the tillers of the soil active about him, he is able to invest his plates with the actuality of the thing seen and the true out-of-doors atmosphere. He can never resist the pictorial appeal of a horse, and, admirably as he can draw the human figure, his graphic interest is, I think, most sympathetically concerned with the horse, primarily, the horse of agricultural labour. In those two attractive dry-points, *Timber Hauling*, *Devon*, and *Harrowing*, with the first of which Mr. Soper may be said to have "arrived" as a collector's etcher, we see how the artist has enjoyed observing and portraying with ex-

pressive draughtsmanship the energy of man and beast under the strain of their daily toil; while in *Beaver*—signifying locally the brief break-off for lunch—no less faithfully has he etched, with an expression worthy of Paul Potter, two tired, patient plough-horses restfully enjoying the refreshment of their nose-bags while the ploughman eats his own "snack." The true etcher's suggestive economy of line, each line carrying its pictorial freight of significance, is properly Mr. Soper's ideal, and he comes nearer to realising it with artistic confidence in *Feeding Cattle*, 1917, reproduced here. To have been a pupil of Sir Frank Short without learning the practice of aquatint were to have wasted valuable opportunity, and that is not Mr. Soper's way. That he has gained an artistic command of the medium he shows in *The Count*, in which the interest is focussed in the light of the shepherd's lantern on the flock of sheep against the dark tones of the night-shaded farm-buildings, making an excellent aquatint motive. ■ ■ ■



"THE COUNT." AQUATINT
BY GEORGE SOPER, R.E.



PORTRAIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE
 HON. JOHN W. DAVIS, UNITED STATES
 AMBASSADOR TO GREAT BRITAIN. FROM
 THE PAINTING BY P. A. DE LASZLO

STUDIO-TALK.

(From our own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The two examples of Mr. P. A. de Laszlo's recent work, which are reproduced in this number, illustrate in an interesting manner distinctly different sides of his practice. The portrait of Mr. Davis, the American Ambassador, is one of those vigorous and definitely stated studies of character which the artist has accustomed us to expect from him in his portrait work. It has a notable quality of vitality, and in its sense of construction, its decisiveness of draughtsmanship, and its

direct and expressive brushwork, it is exceptionally convincing; and it is distinguished throughout by a remarkable alertness of perception and by unusual exactness of observation. The *Interior: Littleworth Corner*, which figured in the recent exhibition of the National Portrait Society at Messrs. Agnew's, is a painting of a less familiar type, one in which he has had a special opportunity to observe subtleties of light, shade, and colour, and to show his skill in handling varieties of inanimate detail. The result at which he has arrived is wholly acceptable; the strength and significance of the picture cannot be ques-

tioned ; and its charm of treatment and attractiveness of effect, and its harmony of well-related colour, claim the sincerest approval. It certainly suggests that there are in Mr. de Laszlo's art possible developments in which he might be quite as eminent as he is in portraiture pure and simple ; and it will induce his admirers to look to him for even more notable achievements as a painter of such fascinating domestic subjects. Both these canvases, by the way, are additionally interesting because, painted as they have been since that period of unmerited suffering which was imposed upon the artist during the war, they prove that his unfortunate experiences have not affected the power and the vitality of his art. The confidence of his many friends in his honour and integrity was fully justified by the result of the public inquiry which was made into the fantastic charges against him ; the wide appreciation which

he has earned from students of art by his consistent accomplishment in past years will be increased by these latest evidences of his still growing capacity.

"Admiral's House" at Hampstead, where just a hundred years ago that prince of English landscape painters, John Constable, took up his abode, has this year passed into the hands of the Hon. John Fortescue, the King's Librarian, and here, under the name "Cintra," Mrs. Fortescue is conducting a business that is in many ways unique. The name "Cintra" comes from a delightful place a little to the north of Lisbon, and it was while visiting this place in 1919 that she first gained a sight of old Portuguese furniture, and resolved to introduce it to the British public. In particular her attention was arrested by the beautiful carved bedsteads of Brazilian rosewood, dating from the early eighteenth century,



"GROUP ON THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE." BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.
(From a facsimile reproduction of the original drawing in the Royal Collection, published by "Cintra.")

STUDIO-TALK

and specimens of a slightly later date, which showed strong marks of the influence of Chippendale, who visited Portugal about that time. Old Portuguese furniture has hitherto been a great rarity in this country; indeed, so little was known about it that until not long ago the only specimen of an early eighteenth century Portuguese bed at the South Kensington Museum was ascribed to Holland. These fine examples of Portuguese craftsmanship are, however, only a few of the treasures displayed in Constable's old home; for besides old lace, shawls, Spanish combs and Chinese pottery, porcelain, jades and crystals from a Shanghai house for whom "Cintra" is acting as sole agent, they include replicas of antique Italian brocatellos, velours, damasks, silks and other fabrics for

decoration and costumes. A specially interesting department of the business is the exclusive publication of facsimile reproductions of drawings, chiefly those of Holbein, in the Royal Collection at Windsor. These reproductions, of which more than seventy have already been completed, have been executed by an English firm under the personal supervision of the King's Librarian and are remarkable for their fidelity to the originals. Besides its unique collection of Holbeins, the Royal Collection contains many characteristic examples of the work of the brothers Paul and Thomas Sandby, the latter, it will be remembered, was Deputy Ranger of the Great Forest under George III, and his more eminent brother Paul lived with him in the neighbourhood of Windsor for some time. ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦



"GROUP ON THE NORTH TERRACE, WINDSOR CASTLE." BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A.: (From a facsimile reproduction of the original drawing in the Royal Collection at Windsor, published by "Cintra.")

Th: Eliott Knight



**"SIR THOMAS ELIOTT"
BY HANS HOLBEIN**
(From a facsimile reproduction of the
original drawing in the Royal Collection,
published by "Gintra.")

**"CICELY HERON," BY
HANS HOLBEIN**
(From a facsimile reproduction of the
original drawing in the Royal Collection,
published by "Gintra.")





PORTUGUESE DOUBLE BED OF CARVED
AND TURNED BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD,
EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, WITH
HAND-EMBROIDERED QUILT, ETC., OF
SILVER BROCADE



PORTUGUESE SINGLE BED OF CARVED
BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD, LATE EIGH-
TEENTH CENTURY, WITH SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY PORTUGUESE HAND-EMBROI-
DERED QUILT



MODEL OF THE "MAYFLOWER" MADE BY R. PATTERSON, OF LASSWADE, TO THE DESIGN OF R. MORTON NANCE (Photo, Royal Scottish Museum)

The model of the "Mayflower," reproduced on this page, has, like other models of famous sea craft already illustrated in these pages, been constructed by Mr. Richard Patterson, of Lasswade, Midlothian, from drawings by Mr. Morton Nance, and after exhibition in the Royal Scottish Museum in Edinburgh it was lent to the City of Plymouth last month in connection with the tercentenary celebrations. In this case Mr. Nance was without the precise data which guided him in designing his other models, as no

definite record exists indicating the exact form of the vessel which bore the Pilgrim Fathers on their momentous voyage to the New World, and consequently conjecture has played some part in the design. The vessel being referred to simply as a "ship," he has assumed that she was just the normal small trading ship-rigged vessel of her time. The model as constructed differs in certain minor details from his drawings, but on the whole it represents fairly well his idea of what she ought to be. It is believed to be the only



FROM A DRAWING BY
MATTHEW MARIS.
(IN THE POSSESSION OF MAJOR LESSORE.)

U OF I
LIBRARY

model ever made of the "Mayflower," save one which is in the National Museum, Washington. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

In the drawings of Matthew Maris, as in his paintings, there is a subtlety and elusiveness with which the process engraver, no matter how near perfection are the methods he commands, finds it difficult to cope, but bearing this in mind the reader will see in the reproduction we give a characteristic example of the draughtsmanship of this rare genius.

The Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours has suffered a serious loss by the death of Mr. Francis E. James, the well-known flower painter, who, after leading an invalid life for many years, passed away at his home in Torrington, North Devon, on August 25th, at the age of 70. Of late years the name of the



STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW "THE PRODIGAL SON." BY BERNARD RICE



STUDY FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW "THE PRODIGAL SON." BY BERNARD RICE

deceased artist has been almost exclusively associated with the painting of flowers, but in earlier years other subjects engaged his attention—landscapes, and more particularly church interiors, a series of which he painted during his travels in Germany, Italy and elsewhere. Like the late Mr. H. B. Brabazon, a country gentleman who gradually became an artist, Mr. James was fortunately so circumstanced that he could give rein to his artistic impulses without the constraints imposed by pecuniary considerations, and as a result "he never produced a pot-boiler," to quote the words of Mr. (now Sir) Frederick Wedmore, who reviewed Mr. James's work in an article which appeared in this magazine in 1898.

From the journal of the Royal Institute of British Architects we learn of the death of Dr. Josiah Conder, who settled in Japan forty-four years ago and died there on June 21st last in his 68th year. Dr. Conder was for many years architectural adviser to the Japanese Government, and many important buildings, public and private, were constructed under his supervision. Amongst the books he



"THE GOOD SAMARITAN." CARTOON
FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW FOR THE
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PENARTH,
GLAMORGAN. BY BERNARD RICE

wrote was one on the Floral Art of Japan, a subject which he dealt with in a series of articles contributed to this magazine in its early years. ■ ■ ■ ■

We reproduce some examples of the work of Mr. Bernard Rice, whose designs for stained glass reproduced in *THE STUDIO* Year Book of Decorative Art for the present year show him to be an artist of an unconventional turn of mind, which is also evident, though to a less marked extent, in the *Good Samaritan* window designed by him for the Congregational Church at Penarth, South Wales, and executed by Messrs. Williams, Gamon and Co., of Chester. The distinguishing feature of Mr. Rice's stained glass work is its richness of colour, his predilection being for mellow golden tones. His two studies for another window show him to be a capable draughtsman. It is interesting to note in connection with this window in South Wales that the austere attitude which was once so common amongst the Nonconformist bodies in this country in matters pertaining to church decoration has in recent years been gradually giving way to a more generous outlook. ■ ■ ■ ■

With this window of Mr. Rice we illustrate one recently designed for the Parish Church of Nantwich by Mr. Harry Clarke, of Dublin, whose work, reviewed not long since in an article in this magazine, is becoming more and more appreciated elsewhere than in Ireland. Mr. Clarke, too, has a remarkable feeling for colour, which he employs in combinations of striking richness. ■

On page 114 we reproduce a memorial designed for the Green Room Club in Leicester Square by Mr. F. V. Blundstone, a young and talented sculptor whose work since his demobilisation fully bears out the favourable anticipations aroused by his pre-war achievements, of which illustrations have been given by us on more than one occasion. ■ ■ ■ ■

Speaking of sculptors, we are reminded of a new kind of modelling clay that has recently been put on the market under the name of "Silvered." It is claimed for this that it does away altogether with the necessity of constant moistening and protection from evaporation incidental



CARTOON FOR STAINED GLASS WINDOW, NANTWICH PARISH CHURCH. BY HARRY CLARKE



MEMORIAL PANEL ERECTED IN
THE GREEN ROOM CLUB. DE-
SIGN BY F. V. BLUNDSTONE

to the use of ordinary modelling clay, that it is uniform under varying temperatures, and is clean to handle. Samples of "Silvereed" which were handed to us some months ago, including a small piece of the original as mixed by the inventor many years before, have been subjected to various tests, and have so far borne out the claims put forward that we can confidently recommend artists to give the clay a trial. ♡ ♡ ♡

Apropos of the late Mr. F. W. Hayes, who died in September, 1918, Mr. John Littlejohns, R.B.A., writes: ♡ ♡

"Mr. Hayes was one of the most remarkable personalities of his time. In addition to his art, his inexhaustible activity led him into almost every field of thought—as novelist, playwright, composer, economist and lecturer. A regular exhibitor during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, he suddenly reappeared at the London galleries a few years ago with large water-colours full of renewed youthful vigour. But perhaps the most unique side of his work—his oil studies from nature—by which he may ultimately be judged, were known only to a few of his artist friends, until they came to light at his death. When tabulated they were found to be an almost

complete record of his sketching in oils and revealed the origin of the extraordinary grasp of complexities which characterised his exhibited pictures. As will be seen from the two illustrations, these sketches, presenting an amount of complicated detail allied with breadth of effect seldom to be found in the most highly finished productions, give the impression of long sustained effort. But as each sketch, often as large as 20 by 30 inches, was completed at a single sitting, the dexterity alone, to say nothing of other obvious qualities, is truly amazing. This surprising speed was partially due to a process which he invented and which deserves to be widely known. First he stretched white cartridge paper over an ordinary canvas and sized the surface with patent glue or isinglass. Several sheets were laid over one stretcher to form a sort of block to save preparing a fresh surface each day. After sketching the main lines with a fairly hard pencil, the tones and masses were washed in with wide hogs, using the turpentine much as water is used in water-colour. As the size prevents the colour from entering the paper lights were obtained by means of a clean hog. The details were then laid on this thin ground in stiffer colour, but there



"CRICCIETH CASTLE." DRAW-
ING IN OILS BY F. W. HAYES
(By permission of the Victoria and
Albert Museum.)



"THE GRAVE OF GELLERT"
DRAWING IN OILS BY F. W. HAYES

was seldom any heavy impasto. It may be supposed that such a method would not make for permanence; on the contrary, owing to the nature of the surface, the thinness of the paint and the comparative absence of dangerous oils, there is no observable diminution in freshness in those which were painted forty years ago. Already examples have found their way into the permanent collections at the British Museum, South Kensington and the Walker Art Gallery, and there are many evidences that they will soon secure the recognition they deserve." ■ ■ ■

PRAGUE.—The present year is the centenary of the birth of Josef Manes, who is generally acknowledged as the father of the modern school of painting in this country, and homage to his memory has been paid in several exhibitions held here during the past few months. Manes died nearly fifty years ago, but his art was never appreciated during his life, and his last days were marked by great dejection which culminated in serious mental trouble. Not until more than a decade after he was laid to rest in the old burial ground of the Vysehrad—the

upper town—of Prague was there any real consciousness of his greatness. Then—in the 'eighties—a number of young artists banded together and formed a society bearing his name, and this society, representing the progressive elements in our art, has kept alive and furthered the principles of the master whose name they honour. His influence has indeed been far-reaching, and of the Czech painters who since his time have attained to note it would be difficult to point to any who do not owe something to Josef Manes. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Manes as a young man studied in Munich, and was influenced to some extent by Schwind and Richter. When he returned to Prague the movement for the revival of national ideals was under way and secured in him a champion in the domain of art, which still languished under the constraint of a rigid academicism. He became the interpreter of the national legends and the illustrator of national songs, remaining above all a painter, eager to grasp the pictorial possibilities of a situation. As a discoverer and describer of Nature, he set out to depict with the enthusiastic love of the patriot



"SUMMER." OIL PAINTING
BY JOSEF MANES.
(BY COURTESY OF MR. F. TOPIC, PRAGUE.)



"LE PAVILLON FRANÇAIS, VERSAILLES"
WATER-COLOUR BY J. ROSENSTOCK

the Czech peasants in their picturesque costumes. As a painter he possessed all the qualities of the modern artist. Plein-air and tone value were his problems. Some of his paintings astonish by their impressionistic treatment. *Summer*, here reproduced, shows interesting light and colour effects. Who would have dared at that time to set human faces like these in the green shadow of a red umbrella? The greater part of his intentions remained sketches and designs, but all his works—even the smallest productions—bear the stamp of a rare personality. ■

H. S.

(For the reproduction of *Summer* we are indebted to Mr. F. Topič, of Prague, who has published a portfolio containing many excellent reproductions of works by Manes.—EDITOR.) ■ ■ ■

PARIS.—The name of Versailles is in itself an evocation; its mere utterance serves to call up the past with

its scenes of luxury and tragedy, and so powerfully does it excite the imagination that one has the feeling of witnessing over again one by one the greatest events in the history of France. For here indeed a veritable panorama of that history is, as it were, spread out before one's eyes. The smallest stone of the palace of the Roi-soleil, the tall trees of his park, the groves and hedges, the statues and fountains—all these things have something to say. Are they not like so many letters, so many lines, in the pages of our national history? No wonder that a place so crowded with associations and traditions should have attracted our artists, and, in fact, the number of those who have responded to the appeal may with truth be said to be legion. One of these is J. Rosenstock, than whom no painter has been more deeply stirred by personal contact with Versailles. Exploring its beauties from many and varied points of view, he has brought back a fine harvest



CUT PAPER SILHOUETTE
BY GUDRUN JASTRAU

of water-colours in which the pure, harmonious lines of the château and park are recorded with generous accents in the splendour of the golden days of autumn, and with a sentiment in tune with the things seen and felt—by an artist who knows how to find out and reveal the soul, as it were, of inanimate things. ■

L. H.

MILAN.—In a recent issue of the "Corrière della Sera" Signor Ugo Ojetti, the well-known art critic and editor of "Dedalo," communicates the result of some correspondence he has had with M. Igor Grabar, director-general of the art administration under the Bolsheviki in Sovietdom. The powers in Sovdepia, as Russia under the régime of the Soviets is called, have decreed the State ownership of all works of art, and it appears that M. Grabar's chief care hitherto has been to collect and place in safety the art treasures from the palaces and mansions that have been sacked and to recover those that have been stolen. Tens of thousands of works of art have been brought from the most remote and out of the way corners of

Russia to the large centres, pending their distribution among the art museums. Apparently the idea is to create new museums where they do not already exist, but M. Grabar's communication leads one to infer that this ambitious scheme has not got beyond the stage of meditation. Paper is so scarce in Sovdepia that M. Grabar's department has so far been unable to publish a series of monographs relating to certain discoveries of ancient works of art. Nothing is said about the famous Hermitage Collection, nor about the treasures of the Kremlin. It is, however, something of a consolation that the art administration should be in the hands of M. Grabar who, besides being eminent as a painter, is justly esteemed as the author of a history of Russian art.

COPENHAGEN.—Although men may have attained fame, more or less transitory, in connection with the art of the silhouette, it seems quite in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, that now at least the other sex is decidedly in the van. After all, women should be more at home with a pair of scissors than men, and that Miss Gudrun Jastrau wields



CUT PAPER SILHOUETTES
BY GUDRUN JASTRAU

REVIEWS

hers with exceeding skill the accompanying illustrations amply demonstrate. These often extremely composite *motifs* of hers are not only beautifully cut, but they are very complete little *genre* scenes, actually endowing their figures with a distinct individuality. Miss Jastrau, who only boasts eighteen summers, was an exhibitor at this year's Danish Royal Academy, where her silhouettes met with speedy appreciation. G. B.

REVIEWS.

Paul Cézanne. Par GUSTAVE COQUIOT. (Paris: Ollendorff.)—Cézanne has been dead fourteen years, and the number of his admirers has been steadily growing ever since. He has a host of disciples and imitators, too—the exhibitions of the present day are evidence of that—but how few of them really understand the aims of their master? It is true that were they to follow his patient, painstaking methods, the result would be a very small output. It would never do in these days of hurry and bustle to ask a sitter for eighty or a hundred sittings—and then, may be, leave a portrait unfinished, as Cézanne did once, because his sitter would persist in talking. M. Coquiote's study of this remarkable personality can only increase the respect which every serious student of the art of painting must feel for his memory. Though he gives only in outline what others—and especially M. Vollard—have given in much more detail, his survey of Cézanne's career and work is complete in so far as the essential facts are concerned. Monochrome reproductions of nearly a score of Cézanne's paintings are included. ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Attraverso gli Albi e le Cartelli. By VITTORIO PICA. Quarta Serie. (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche.)—It must be now fully twenty years since Signor Pica began his unique series of critical essays on the work of representative graphic artists of modern times. Issued first of all as *fascicoli*, these essays now form four substantial volumes, each with a multitude of illustrations and remark-

able for the diversity of its contents. Especially is this the case with the fourth volume, recently published, in which a veritable galaxy of notable names greets the reader. First there is a paper on the drawings of Victor Hugo and the etchings of Jules de Goncourt; then further on the author discusses the drawings of three sculptors—Gemito, Meunier and Rodin; and this is followed by essays on “two princes of modern etching”—Méryon and Seymour Haden, and the drawings and etchings of the Spanish painter Fortuny. The book decorators of Russia—Somoff, Bakst, Bilibin, Benois, etc.—are the subject of another paper, while the remainder deal with the work of Rouveyre, “spietato vivisettore” of the modern man and woman; Henry de Groux, the war's romantic visionary; Emile Bernard, “sapiente architetto del libro”; and the two Italians, Disertori and Ugonia. Truly a cosmopolitan collection. The illustrations number about 400 and are excellently printed. ■

The Eighth Volume of the Walpole Society, 1919-1920. Edited by A. J. FINBERG. (Issued only to subscribers.)—With the exception of a paper by Mr. A. P. Oppé on Francis Towne, a landscape painter who, dying in 1816, has been undeservedly forgotten for a century, and a notice of a lost monument by Nicholas Stone, whose work was reviewed at length in a preceding volume, the contributions to this new volume of the Walpole Society are concerned wholly with portraiture. Mr. Lionel Cust deals with the iconography of that “goodly man” and ardent patriot, Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom thirteen portraits are reproduced, in addition to others of his wife, his son and his brother. The chief article, however, in point of length, is one by Mr. Richard W. Goulding on the portraits of the Wriothesley family, covering nearly or quite two centuries of family history and lavishly illustrated with reproductions. The papers published in these volumes are important contributions to the history of British art, and subscribers to the Society get good value for the subscription which entitles them to receive these publications. ■ ■ ■



"INTERIOR: LITTLEWORTH CORNER."
FROM THE OIL PAINTING BY
PHILIP A. DE LASZLO.



"A BRIDGE IN DEVONSHIRE." FROM AN
OIL SKETCH BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.
(SEE PAGE 122.)

